

# THE COLLEGIAN



*St. Joseph's College*

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



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1930-

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OCTOBER, 1930



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Collegeville, Indiana.

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## *OUR RETURN*

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Fair tender arms desirous to embrace;  
A helping hand extended to the coy;  
The pleasant smile portraying ev'ry grace;  
A mother's heart rejoicing with our joy;  
Majestic walls beneath their lofty spires,  
That peer above the giant maple tree;  
A hundred eyes, a hundred glowing fires,  
And open doors, look out upon the lea.

These vivid scenes, ecstatic to behold,  
Compel our hearts to dare the living soul  
To overcome temptation, and to mold  
A manly character to gain our goal.  
Our Alma Mater, thus, upon return  
Intensely welcomes those who for her yearn.

L. C. Storch '32.



### THE CUB REPORTER'S LUCK

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In the business room of The City Press a telephone bell jangled hoarsely on a sultry summer night. A sleepy cub-reporter reached out and seized it, glared at it; then lazily lifted the ear piece.

"H'lo, Press office," he grunted. "What?" and he was on his feet in an instant, intense interest skimming over his face.

"Yeah, I got ya. Corner Bradwell and Dennison—big white house—crime—police on job—come quick for first scoop. You bet; with you in a jump."

Bang! With a slam the receiver and phone were back on the desk. A hasty gulp of water, the flop of a hat, the rattling of paper and pencils as they were thrust hurriedly into a pocket, another loud slam, this time of the door, and the bustling cub was gone.

Actuated by the promise of a real story he felt himself imbued with a new lease on life. A moment before he had been drowsing in an extremely lethargic condition, but now he sensed himself to be the up-and-coming sensation of the news world.

"I'm Talrand of the Press," he curtly announced at his arrival.

"Well, take a look around and then return within ten minutes and I'll give you the dope on this lay-out," the sergeant growled as he turned away leaving Talrand alone to make what observations he might.

Ten minutes later he sat note-book in hand, pencil on the table and a cigarette dangling from his lips awaiting the sergeant. At length the officer came. Taking a final drag at his fag the reporter cast it away and sat alert, with his pencil poised in air ready to begin taking notes. Half an hour later he was back in the Press office tack-tack-tacking away

at his story. Feverishly he worked for an hour; then heaving a sigh of relief he lolled idly in his chair.

The next morning the city editor glanced over the scoop and started criss-crossing with his ugly blue and red pencil. The story appeared in the daily paper, but it differed in no respect from many a similar story of crime.

Briefly the story was told. A man found dead, shot through the forehead. Identification proved him to be Wally Durnett, a young architect working with Olean and Sons, Architects. He had been living in his uncle's house while the "old gent" was away in Florida. Found dead by his pal, Clinton Devare, a college chum. Clinton rang up Wally about some plans on which the architects were working that afternoon, but no one answered. Immediately he drove over to Wally's residence. Upon arriving he found the front door standing a-jar. This caused him to feel suspicious, especially since no one had answered his ring. He entered. He had not gone far in the hallway before he stumbled. There before him lay Wally's dead body. Clinton was profoundly stirred by the sudden death of his pal, but seemed to know little that might help the police. There were seemingly no evident clues to the crime.

Half an hour after the first edition appeared, Talrand was back at the office seeking an opportune moment to talk to Corlan, the city editor; he got the chance, but matters took an awkward turn.

"Well, what are you staring at, Talrand?" the editor boomed.

"Me? I-uh-uh, sure! want to ask you something, Mr. Corlan," he managed to mutter, "that is if you don't mind?"

"Go ahead and ask," came the ready answer.

"Well, you see I knew both those fellows con-

cerned in this affair at school, and if you don't mind, let me have the chance to take this scoop on to the finish. Knowing 'em both so well I can perhaps help a little in some way."

"Let me tell you, Talrand, I'll give you a two days' tryout and if you flop, you go back copy writing without a squawk. O. K.?"

"Yup. Thanks an awful lot," and he was off like a kid on his first day of vacation.

"Some hustler," smiled the chief to himself, "but green and a little over-ambitious, no experience. I'll let him take it though. Still I can't take too big a chance."

"Copy-boy," he called, and as the boy appeared, "Get me Randolph."

"What's up, chief?" the star reporter queried a moment later.

"Know about last night's murder? Talrand asked to be assigned. I let him have it. But you cover it on the quiet so if the cub fails we won't be scooped by the other sheets on the story. See? Keep it quiet. So long." And he was busy scratching and muttering over his copies again as if he hadn't looked up in the last half hour.

The customary routine was followed: inquiries, cross examination, coroner's verdict, and considerable red tape, all of the same brand. Most of it was gone through for mere formality's sake, since very little came to light in the course of the investigation. The final editions of the paper carried the rehashed story of the morning with a few more hazy theories, the result of police and detective vagaries.

The following morning the entire city of Calwell was shocked—forty eight hours ago a man had been killed—the confession was now in the hands of the district attorney—and a mere cub-reporter had solved



the whole thing without the aid of a policeman or a detective.

The Press office was in an uproar. Phones were ringing, typewriters clicking, voices calling, and above all a general hum of surprise prevailed.

In the city room the editor bent his gaze on Talrand, smiled, and then turned to the police captain who was seated opposite to him. Indignation was written all over the captain's face, in fact he looked as if he would be the victim of an apoplectic stroke. He was purple, red, flustered, nervous, and in general showed all the symptoms of an highly excited police captain. He was mumbling something at the same time about a "fool meddler, upstart reporter" and "that's what happens when you do people favors."

Having enjoyed the situation for some time, Corlan finally broke the spell with "Say, Talrand, I'll make old Captain Scully keep still, while you spill your story before him. Maybe it will make him feel a little better. How about it, Scully? If you'll just keep your composure a bit and listen to what the cub has to say, your condition will probably improve. All right, Tal, let's have it."

"Well, you see I knew Wally Durnett and Clinton Devare, his pal, at college. They were one of the best cases of inseparables on record, I believe. Regular Damon and Pythias. But before I start the story perhaps I had better go into detail a bit more and give you a glimpse of the personal make-up of each of these fellows.

"Wally was tall, light complexioned with somewhat clear-cut features, so clear in fact that they were almost sharp. His eyes were the really distinguishing characteristic of his person. They were large and grey, sort of cold too, but if he smiled they seemed to turn a rather delicate blue; likewise in

a burst of temper they seemed to turn a darker grey indicative of an approaching mental storm. He was friendly and easy-going, easy to mix in company and altogether quite a likeable chap. In other respects he was just like many another young fellow, cheerful, even a little light, but capable of becoming serious when necessary.

"Clint, however, is in every respect completely the opposite. He is rather short but not at all fat, as are many other short people. His features are almost always contracted in a frown which gives him the appearance at times of a confirmed pessimist. He is the very embodiment of seriousness, inclined to brood at times, yet under this frowning and rather stern exterior there lurks a rather keen sense of humor, a jocular laugh when occasion calls for it, which, sometimes, proves to be quite contagious. There is, however, one characteristic which identifies him at all times. When he concentrates, the right corner of his mouth, namely, twitches in a manner which is quite disconcerting. Somehow it is hard to make any advances to him at such times and very few people try to approach him. His reserved manner is usually interpreted as a too pronounced burst of egotism. All in all, a quiet fellow.

"How these two extremes came to be pals at college is still a mystery to me, as well as to everybody else, but they were such, nevertheless, and they stuck together until—but wait a second, I'm running slightly astray with my story.

"During the fall of their last year at school their fraternity gave a dance, and for novelty's sake, the house officer had a fortune teller up to the frat from town. To make the affair more interesting he gave her the "low-down" on all the fellows and told her to lay it on thick.



"Everybody was there that night, and it was a great event. Some of the stories that she spun out were really masterpieces of fiction. All were keen on having a good time, so they came around and had their futures predicted. As usual, Wally and Clint came together and followed each other in having their supposed fortunes revealed.

"A most surprising yarn was spun in Clint's favor. The pseudo-seer spoke of his friendship and how seemingly inseparable it was.

"She was well coached in her subject, but added that Clint would be the one to cause a break in this friendship. It was quite a shock to Clint to be told that, even in fun, but, added to this, she told him that he would end all by shooting Wally. Well, it shocked Clint quite a bit. Nobody else paid any attention to the prophecy but Clint; in his brooding way he allowed the story to work on him. He began to imagine all sorts of slights from Wally and gave his imagination free rein.

"Occasionally when Wally was not to be seen with him, some fellow would jokingly ask, 'if he had shot Wally yet?'

"When I asked to be allowed to cover the story, I'd forgotten the incident at school, but I thought of it the next day and figured it was a lead well worth following up. I got Clint at home yesterday afternoon and sprung the incident on him. At first he tried to deny it, but I saw that he wasn't himself. He looked startled when I spoke of the crime, and after the third question he broke down completely and confessed to the shooting.

"That particular evening he called on Wally, to pick him up and go for a spin. Wally was willing until Clint insisted that a certain other fellow accompany them. Wally, who thought the other

person was not fit company for either of them, objected strongly. One word led to another, and it was not long before hot words were flying. Clint allowed his temper to get the better of him, and speaking wildly left the house in anger only to return later to confront Wally with a revolver. There was not much said—Wally refused to change his mind and Clint fired. Then later, thinking to cover his tracks completely he informed the police of the murder.

“As far as I can see, there is no more to tell excepting that in a way, poor Clint is not fully to blame. As I said before, his habit of morbid brooding worked on him until he was partly insane. He took a joke too seriously, and allowed it to ferment in his mind until his brains snapped.”

With that Talrand concluded his story and, fishing a cigarette from his pocket, he lit it, took a satisfying hale, looked at Corlan and Scully and said, “In case you want to know why I didn’t let the police in on this side of the story first—well, I thought you’d think I was a bit batty to say the least, to feed the police such seeming nonsense in times of tragedy, and then it’s more than likely that the police would have failed on such a lead anyway.”

Scully glared at him for a moment, rose and extended a moist and flabby hand in a rather perfunctory hand-clasp with both Corlan and Talrand, and turning abruptly left the office without a word.

Corlan smiled, advanced toward the young man and gripping his shoulders with both hands said, “Talrand, you’re some lad for a cub-reporter. Just for your pluck you aren’t a cub any more—you’ve graduated, and from now on you’re one of my first class men, no more “gas-house” work for you. See?

“Sorry, Mr. Corlan,” Talrand answered some-



what ill at ease and slightly taken aback, "but you know I'd rather stick to the gas-light and be a cub just a little longer if you don't mind."

"Well, suit yourself. You're probably right, but your salary goes up. Now hurry home and get some sleep, but don't forget to be on time at that. "GOOD LUCK!"

Chester Kruczek '31.

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### THE CLOCK OF TIME

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Life's a journey; life's a trial.  
You are here but for a while;  
You are hands upon the dial  
Of the clock—the clock of time.

When as youth you sought for joy,  
Finding not the dread decoy,  
Then in truth you were the toy  
Of the clock—the clock of time.

When, a man, you courted fame,  
Seeking,—and indeed it came,  
Surely you were yet the same  
To the clock—the clock of time.

Life may break your weary heart,  
Or may bless you with its art.  
But you always are a part  
Of the clock—the clock of time.

Joseph Wittkofski '32

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Patronize our advertisers. They are the ones who help in a great degree to make this publication a possibility.

## THE LURE OF LIGHTS

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From the earliest day of his existence man's virgin love is light. On the first day, God said: "Let there be light. And it was so." When dusk shades the earth with its invisible tarpaulin so that scarce any light filters through the windows, mother naturally bids the handiest of her charges to switch on the lights, or to light the lamp or the candle, or to kindle the wood in the fireplace, or to ignite whatever illuminant is available. For, besides aiding vision, light also works as a balm on man's nerves. From experience man knows that a thin light always causes him to feel eery—as if uncertain whether the light will fail completely, or explode, metamorphose, or be smashed into smithereens like the pumpkin which was hurled at Ichabod. The ancient Greeks used the noun "deile" in the meaning of dusk, evening, or late afternoon. The adjectival derivative was "deilos" which had the meaning of cowardly. It is easy therefore to see the relation between the two. For when objects become blurred man gets lily-livered and seeks light, because he is afraid of the unknown. No wonder, then, that when Brutus discovered the ghost of Julius Caesar, he said: "How ill that taper burns."

In all ages the special purpose of lights has been to push the misty pall out of man's immediate presence, thus aiding sight and cheering his inner self by a mellow glow. The ancient Greeks desired very strongly to have numerous campfires so that they could tell how to unbutton their cast-iron pantaloons, and even so the nervous night-watchman who is obliged to traverse murky alleys is desirous of illumination. And it was just as pleasant for the Greek hoplite (modern-day "heavyweight") to sit on a cool invigorating log near the campfire, chewing acorns or

the cabbage from palm trees (Beech-nut or even the cruder brands of home-spun were unknown then!) as it is for the old darky to perch nonchalantly near his singing fire-place and expectorate on the pungent ashes in answer to the chiding of the pulsing flames. The very perversity of the frolicking teasing flames alleviates the nerves and makes a man feel content with his status in the world.

Even the sight of a light infuses warmth and relief into a man's bones and acts as an antidote against depression. For example, observe a train go by. If it be a passenger train—it will roll by shining like Apollo's sun chariot. People can be seen watching it from their homes all along the route. A certain pleasure is derived from watching it because it appears as a gliding parody on everything that is comfortable, cozy, and luxurious. Soon after the passenger train has gone out of hearing, a freight-train goes by. Its only lights are the head-light, the smouldering tip of some hobo's cigarette, and the red safety lantern on the caboose. Its gloomy mysterious box-cars pass one slowly but unregretfully since they dampen one's spirits much as do obsequies or funerals. All the elation which was experienced after the passing of the passenger train is now chilled as the gloom of life counterbalances the effulgent beam of life. The mere sight of a light also furnishes immense relief to the weary traveller or peddler who has been ruthlessly pushing ahead all day long, because the light denotes some habitation which betokens victuals, drink, and a bed. Or if a stranger strays into some yard when a yelping untrusting dog curls his nether lip as if he might become brutal—then, indeed, is the sudden appearance of a light mightily welcome, especially so if the stranger has an aversion to the uncanny mood of an unknown dog.



A river pilot experiences a similar relief when he passes his Scylla and Charybdis, Inchcape Rock or Sycamore Snag, with the help of the faithful lighthouse.

Like man, so also are the insects and wild creatures attracted by lights. Even a child has often observed the swarm of flies which buzz around street lamps. Youngsters even stay their marble game under a street light to give chase to the frogs which have been drawn to the light, or to bottle lightning bugs, (the fireflies of literature). These bugs that are attracted by light have been equipped with little batteries that function according to the alternating current method. In lieu of their superior endowments they are perhaps the only insects of the entire creation which man willingly tolerates and appreciates. When man traces the course of flight of these bugs he is almost as fascinated as he would be if he were told that these tiny things were diminutive dynamos transformed by a magic wand. Thomas Hardy in his novel, "The Return of the Native", tells about two fellows who obtained light from a flask filled with lightning bugs, so that they could continue a very interesting and engrossing crap game. Once when I was at home a bug found its way into the house while the family was eating supper. After flitting around the light for some time it came to rest on a dish of lettuce. A guest happened to be there for supper that evening and it was his fate to take a portion of the lettuce which held the bug. I was fascinated as he cut the leaves into toothsome morsels! Would the bug be scared and take to flight? Would the guest notice its nauseous presence too soon? He detected nothing however. I imagined that I could hear the crunch of the bug's spine every time I noticed a grimace on the face of the honored guest. Now



if the lights had failed to attract this bug, a dramatic and interesting comedy would have been spoiled. Furthermore, mangled remains of rabbits, cats, dogs, and other small animals are often found strewn across railroad tracks and highways. The reason that their end came so unexpectedly is that the attraction of the lights of the passing vehicles hypnotized them so much that they were unable to stir from their tracks.

Since lights are so easily discernible, they are often used as signals. In grammar school every child must learn Longfellow's poem, Paul Revere's Ride, which reads:

"Listen my children and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, ——  
If the British march  
By land or sea from the town tonight,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm——"

It is known that two lights appeared in the tower and the poem tells how Paul Revere raced his horse so that he could warn the people of the British invasion. It is also said that the Scotch chieftain assembled his clan in times of danger by displaying flaring torches at an established rendezvous. "Moonshiners" in the Kentucky mountains use lights to warn distant natives of the presence of "Likker-men". But more famous than any were the signal flares of the American Indians which were used to draw the braves to that Mecca of which destruction and devilment were the reigning gods. Today lights are used for traffic signals. They have an imperative

attraction, but little appeal. It may easily be imagined that lights have been used as signals in all ages. In fact, if inquiring reporters had existed in the earliest days and had just been there at the time, they would probably have noticed that the serpent which tempted Eve was covered with phosphorescent scales.

Just as man employs lights for signals, so too does the Church use lights at all her festivals. When a child is baptized candles are in evidence; when a marriage takes place during the ceremony of the Mass candles make the church glisten; vigil lights are usually burning in all of our churches as votive offerings of the faithful; a sanctuary light is always kept burning in every Catholic church as an evidence of the Divine Presence; candles are placed on the altar during the Holy Sacrifice and for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; candles accompany every procession, whether it be the Way of the Cross, Forty Hours Devotion, or Corpus Christi; candles are placed around the coffin of a dead person. Thus it is evident that lights hold a prominent place in all of our religious ceremonies.

From birth man's first desire is light, and on his deathbed light is probably the possession which he hates most regretfully to surrender. Light was created by God on the first day, and on the last day the dazzling light of His Glory will blind the assembly. Our civilization centers about the great spiritual light, Christ, just as the material world centers about the greatest of physical lights, the sun.

Paul Popham '31

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The knowledge which we have acquired ought not to resemble a great shop without order, and without inventory; we ought to know what we possess, and be able to make it serve us in need.—Leibnitz.

## A LITERARY PUZZLE

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It is customary to call Browning a dramatist, and without doubt he represents the dramatic element, such as it is, of the recent English schools. Among his admirers, he counts many intellectual persons, some of whom pronounce him the greatest dramatic poet since the day of Shakespeare, and opinion generally demands, "that it is to him we must pay homage for whatever is good, great, and profound, in the second period of the Poetic Drama of England."

Confining our attention to the outstanding achievement of Browning, we find that it "is a kind of poem wherein a single character does all the talking and all the thinking, but in which at the same time the alert reader is able to visualize other characters and to appreciate numerous phases of life and social conditions." This is the monodrama, or the dramatic monologue. The monodrama can easily be distinguished from the oration because it is not addressed to a crowd, nor has it for its purpose the stimulation or persuasion of an audience; and also from the lyrical poem, for it is not necessarily emotional; it has a very wide range, but in mood it is definitely dramatic. The remarkable thing about Browning is that though he at several times attempted the complete drama, as in "Strafford" and never achieved distinction in that form, that he is absolutely unapproachable in his monodrama.

His best experiment in the monodrama is "My Last Duchess." In this monologue there is but one speaker, the Duke of Ferrara. It is a masterly sketch comprising within sixty lines enough matter to furnish Browning, nowadays, with an excuse for a quarto. We who read the short poem get a sufficient impression of the visitor, a graphic delineation of



the cold-blooded egotist who speaks, and several constructive hints of the ancestral castle and its artistic furnishings. Thus a new method was introduced, wherein we find characters, plot, and setting—all through the speech of one man, and these are portrayed with such coolness as to suggest the idea of vivisection or morbid anatomy.

Then, too, Browning has a dramatic insight and a minute power of reading other men's hearts. His moral sentiment has a potent and subtle quality. Through his earlier poems he really founded a school, and had imitators, and, although of his later method there are few followers, yet the younger poets, whom he has most affected, very naturally began work by carrying his philosophy to a startling, yet perfectly logical extreme.

In both his earlier and later poems, Browning's chief success is the portrayal of single characters and specific moods. But while reading his characters which have a common manner and diction we become so wonted to them that it seems like a new dialect which we have mastered for the sake of its literature. While his earlier poems are in the dramatic form, his own personality is manifested in the speech and movement of almost every character of each piece. His spirit is infused, as if by metempsychosis within them all, and forces each to assume a strange Pentecostal tone, which we discover to be that of the poet himself. "Bass, tremble, or recitative, whether in pleading, invective, or banter"—the voice is still there.

His diction is noteworthy in that he uses a large proportion of Saxon words, and, by doing so, gives a lifelike naturalness to his speech, especially in his shorter poems, in which his characters do not talk as if they were confined within metrical limits, but seemingly as if the unstilted ways of daily life were



open to them. Yet in all this apparently natural flow of words, there is a harmony of mood, a recurring stress of rhythm, and a condensation of thought that produces an effect of consummate art, frequently enhanced by a subtle symbolism underlying the words. He is by no means a Scotchman in using figurative language. Figures of speech appear in almost every line.

Of course Browning possessed some faults, but these are justifiable. The obscurity with which he has been taxed so often is largely due to his monologue form. It is apt to be confusing at first, mainly because nothing like it has been met with before by the reader. One's mind must be on the alert to catch every word, for Browning often leaps from peak to peak and leaves his helpless reader floundering in the valley. Browning's lack of intellectual discipline and irregular schooling have a bearing on his obscurity. He seemingly does not realize that, though his lines are interwoven with skillfulness, his readers are compelled to reconstruct the entire scenes and events that he employs—a matter that can only be done by those who have eyes to see. On this point Procter remarks with precision and truth: "It is in fact, this power of forgetting himself, and of imagining and fashioning characters different from his own, which constitutes the dramatic quality. A man who can set aside his own idiosyncrasy is half a dramatist."

Expression seems to be the flower of thought; a fine imagination is wont to be rhythmical and creative, and many passages scattered throughout Browning's works show that he possessed a splendid imagination. It is a certain caprice or perverseness of method, that, by long practice, has injured his gift of expression; while an abnormal power of reasoning

and a prosaic regard for detail have handicapped him from the beginning. Much of his poetry has been compared to Wagner's music, and entitled the "poetry of the future." His greatness lies in his originality; his error, arising from perverseness or congenital defect, is the violation of natural and beautiful laws.

In conclusion, it may be noted that Browning has to his credit a large number of poems that are at once intellectual and emotional, and that are, moreover, beautiful and moving expressions of essential truth. His prevailing note of vibrant optimism is still as potent in literature as in life. As an artist, none the less, he chose to create in every given case a style fitly proportioned to his design, finding in that dramatic relation of style and motive—a more vital beauty. Joseph Forwith '32

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### CAMOUFLAGE (Cinquain Trio)

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Life laughs  
At all sorrow  
And hides it 'neath a mask,  
And sneers at it as at a fool;  
But ask

That Life  
If she delights  
In acting such a part.  
She will say, "Yea," but deep within  
Her heart

You'll find  
Engraved there——  
Life's wise—a sincere, "Nay",  
For when she's sad, she laughs along  
Her way. Ed Binsfeld '31

## A NARROW VISTA

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"I am an old man, my son, just an old man." Of that I was immediately certain for his looks bespoke his age. His slight, wiry, seemingly tireless frame, his frequent jets of pleasant laughter, and his French repartee, all appeared to belittle that assertion, but since he spoke with an air of firmness, I did not feel disposed to continue my inquiries. An old man he may have been, yet I still doubt if old age could carry with it so much personal attraction.

Uncle Dave, for by this name he was generally known, was one of those characters that are best described by saying that they are prominently obscure. In the little town, Le Reable, where everybody knew him, and, I believe, even loved him, there was not a single person who could give any details with certainty of the life and occupation of this enigmatic, yet likable old man. He had lived in a cozy little cottage for many long years, and I must say that it was this little cottage which first attracted my attention to that singular spot where I now found myself on the banks of the Illinois river.

There it stood, that inviting tiny home, on sloping ground just above the highwater mark, yet so near to the river's brink that it seemed to crop out of the very ridge to which it clung. All that made it look like a dwelling was its whiteness which shaded off into the quaint blue of a neatly shingled roof. I happened upon this cottage one day by mere accident.

The morning of that particular day had been ushered in with the soothing, silent eloquence of an August sunrise. Now the sky was one vast vault of limpid, cloudless glory,—the earth about me a portion of an enchanted fairyland. Nature seemed to send out a call for good cheer, and in my heart I experi-



enced an enthralling tug of responsiveness. Instinctively my eyes turned from one object to another as if given to eager search after anything that might be a new surprise. I wanted to see it all—to walk along the wooded banks with their dewy velvet of green; to glory in the riot of frequent beds of wild flowers; to feel the cool rippling water as it rolled onward; to hear the rapturous song of birds; briefly to enjoy everything in this poetic loveliness that purported to be an echo of ancient paradise. I knew that the unusual beauty of the scene must of necessity be shortlived, and that I must enjoy it as heartily as I could while it lasted. The entrancing spell that had overtaken me was suddenly broken when my eyes roved across the river to survey a narrow vista of trees at the front of which rose that small and picturesque little cottage, fairy-like in its delicate shade of white and blue, placed so favorably near water, trees, and flowers that I could not remember having seen any dwelling like it before. Yet, as I caught sight of it, my musings were interrupted for I now felt that I was not alone and might even be observed. This soon proved to be a fact for in a mellow French voice the words, "Good morning, son," quite suddenly greeted me.

Hearing the voice I turned to find myself confronted by Uncle Dave. I started, I believe that I must have appeared rather frightened, but I did manage to make a half intelligible and stammering reply. There he stood smiling at me with little wrinkles playfully scurrying across his tanned face. Again that resonant voice accompanied by the merry twinkle of eyes set beneath a pair of bushy brows made itself heard, but this time in half statement and half question: "I suppose you were looking at the cottage across the stream?" came the words.



I was about to answer, but Uncle Dave interposed, "That cottage is mine," and turning to gaze upon it, he continued:

"Many people look at it and pass on, but when I saw you contemplating it, the thought came to my mind that your attitude was much like mine must have been when I stood here with my little daughter at my side, now a little more than twenty years ago. That spot captivated my fancy then, but——perhaps you would choose to cross the river with me?"

I need hardly add that when Uncle Dave piloted the small skiff across the waters of the Illinois, I was sitting at the prow attentively listening to his tale, my eyes now upon his calm, inviting face, now upon the fairy homestead, as nearer and nearer we approached the shore. We landed, and my first visit induced me to make many more as time went on, for within that cottage I found a charm more potent than the attractiveness of its scenery.

Gradually I came to the bank of the Illinois day after day only to find Uncle Dave ready to meet me for a visit. The next few weeks passed swiftly—only too swiftly—as all my engrossing visits were ended, for some months, by the clarion call of Autumn and King Football. But indulge what training and amusement I might, I could not forget the time spent in that alluring spot, nor the charm which it held for me while listening to the stories that the kindly old Uncle told of Canada and of his native town, Quebec. Now, though years have gone down the track of time, I can still see that engaging face, its dark ardent eyes, together with that singular shrug of the shoulder used to punctuate the flow of fiery French speech. Surely I had become attached to him, and that to a degree which I could not realize.

But time at length told the full truth about

my friendship for Uncle Dave. I need no longer wait for him to invite me to that beautiful little cottage or to ferry me across the Illinois for he lives no more. His place is now mine; so are the cottage and its only charm—his youngest child. His stories are also mine, and when autumn brings its palmy days and golden harvest moon, the memory of Uncle Dave following the easy flow of the placid Illinois in his tiny skiff intertwines itself with all the incidents of these stories. I can still hear him strumming his guitar as he sang—sang so softly and soothingly the old Canadian ballads.

George La Noue '32

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### GLIMPSES OF YOUTH

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Youth! What a glorious time of life! The one period when mortal man can taste the joys of immortality, when he by his imagination can experience ages in months, by his unbounded hope can find the world a wonderland, by his ideals can make life worthwhile. Despite its foibles and follies, its false hopes and foolish ideals, youth is the best time of life. The soul, taken from the innocence of boyhood, is formed into the character which manhood afterwards will slavishly follow. Youth with its many sides, some heroic, some tragic, some ridiculous, but all interesting, belongs to the great wonders of the world.

A Latin class in session. The professor is going over Cicero. In a rear seat of the classroom sits a boy idly drawing designs with a pencil on the desk. His mind wanders. What an utterly disgusting subject! Cicero in this modern day! How much more

profitably could his time be spent. What a punishment it must be for the professor who must teach such a subject. Cicero indeed. Bah! How beautiful the out-of-doors appears——.

The June sun beats down pleasantly on the tennis court. The lean, sun-bronzed youth raises his racket and swings into his serve. What melody of motion! Back and forth across the net the ball flies. Over and across the court run the players. "Forty-love", sings out the server with a joyous inflection as he serves a smashing ace. What joy just to exist in such a state. Not to think, just to respond to action under the comfortably hot rays of the sun. Youth. Action. ———.

An agreeable autumn day has come to a close and evening is here. The leaves, turned into wondrous color schemes, are hidden by the darkness and only their dry rustle is noticeable. The night air has a homelike nip to it, a touch of chill that endears autumn to the hearts of all. The moon rides high, a cold moon. The corn is stacked in the field beside the road completing the fall pastoral scene. Four youths walk briskly through the crisp evening air; now silent while they absorb each other's companionship, now talkatively discussing some incident of life, or perhaps life itself. They walk on, drawn closer together in the bonds of friendship by the subtle spell of nature in the form of a golden autumn night. Young manhood. Companionship——.

A long rectangular storeroom of a factory——It is the half-hour noon luncheon period. A young man sits alone in the room munching his dry sandwiches. The two long walls of the room are lined with bins. Prosaic, commercialistic, materialistic



scene! The young man has finished five hours of hurrying from one point in the factory to another, and five hours more of drudging labor await him before he will go home to his bed. The sandwiches are made of cheese—they seem so dry and thirst provoking. His feet ache almost audibly as he rests them. Yet, he is sustained by the prospect of better days to come, a bright future. If inclined to self pity he recalls the words of Carlyle: "Foolish soul! What act of legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to be at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy!" Physical fatigue coupled with mental torpor, both accompanied by a steadfast hope—a soothing combination.

A well provisioned public library——A youth, an appreciative reader, going from shelf to shelf exultingly examines the volumes of literature. His world——apparently so small, yet in reality a boundless eternity. His friends, comrades who will never desert him, who have a lesson to leave him, who check his faults with a calm rebuke, speak to him. How many books he wants to read! He never will find time enough to read even a small fraction of them. The thoughtful, ideal, side of youth, the lure of the spring of knowledge, the real fountain of eternal youth——.

A Latin class in session. The professor is going over Cicero. In a rear seat of the classroom sits a boy zealously translating his lesson. He examines every word, not a construction eludes his watchful gaze. He revels in Cicero's style, his lofty sentiments, and his eloquent phrases. Cicero——as vital and lifelike in this modern day as he was in the days of Rome's glory. How the professor lives into his subject! And well he might with such material to

teach. Time——is there such a thing? The great men are ever present. The past, the future, they do not exist. All is present.——

The students' three day spiritual retreat is drawing to a close. It is the evening of the last day and the last sermon has just been preached. All the young men are kneeling in their pews as the retreat master announces that he is ready to give them the Pope's blessing. One in the assembly in particular is kneeling attentively. He has finished three days of meditation, days of spiritual reading, days of settling accounts with his Maker. What a feeling of contentment is now creeping over him! The priest is blessing them, and the youth is seized with an ecstasy of divine peace. The only contentment that exists in this world! Absorbed by the spell, he remains kneeling with a feeling that he is kneeling in eternity. What rapture, what contentment, what peace that the world cannot give! Youth encountering the sublime appeal of pure religion, the one thing that makes life worth living.

So the pages of youth unfold themselves. The golden days flit by, but if they have been well spent they will never die, but will remain forever in the memory of the man, a sweet oasis to turn to in the desert of old age. The springtime of life, the one bright spot of all a man's existence, youth.

Warren Abrahamson '31

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Every season hath its pleasures;  
Spring may boast her flowery prime,  
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures  
Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.  
—Moore.

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE  
Collegeville, Indiana.

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Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S. ----- Faculty Director

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Many students who are studying the literature of various nations, wonder at some time or other during their course, as to just what the reason could have been for such gifted writers as Homer, Vergil, Dante, Milton, and others in wasting their time and talents on such lengthy works as "The Iliad", "The Aneid", "The Divina Commedia", or "Paradise Lost". To the student who is just beginning a study of the more classical works, they loom up as obstacles which must be met with at some time during his course. When he finally does make up his mind to attempt one or the other, he will find himself lolling through page after page or canto after canto, with one main objective in view—to reach the end of the selection. Needless to say, this is entirely the wrong attitude to adopt, and one might just as well not have burdened himself with the task. The main purpose in reading any literary work of art, whether it contain a hundred verses, or whether it be a simple lyric poem, is to awaken the imagination by completing in the mind those pictures and images which the author has placed there. A sympathetic reading of these works of art brings culture and a refined outlook on life, and this is one of the chief aims and purposes of the entire course of literary study. In the work that we, as students, have undertaken, culture and polish are prime assets, so why not

begin now an appreciative study of the literature of art in all its varied and manifold forms.

It is with a feeling somewhat of timidity and inability that we, of the new staff of "The Collegian" for 1930-1931, present this issue to our friends. We are, as yet, tyros in the field of college journalism and the responsibilities that have been placed upon us seem to be, at present, almost beyond our power of fulfillment. Animated, however, by the noteworthy achievements and commendable examples left us by our predecessors, we hope that our best efforts to make "The Collegian" a success will not fall below the high standards set in past years. Even at this the very beginning we feel a pleasure in our new undertaking, and the earnestness and enthusiasm shown by our contributors augurs well for a very successful year.

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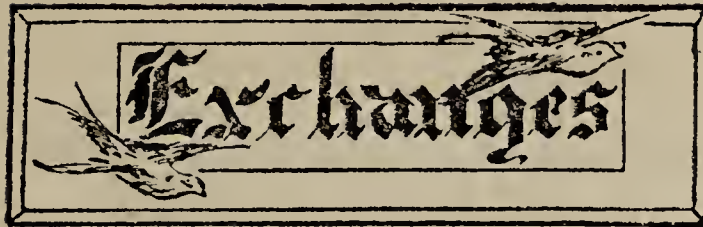
The Collegian is indebted to Victor Pax '30, a member of the staff of last year, for the cuts that are used in this issue. To say that the staff is very grateful for the service of these cuts, expresses its thanks only in a small measure. We, the members of this year's staff, feel that this is only a beginning of the numerous improvements that will be seen in future issues. We hope, too, that our endeavors at making improvements will be sustained in future years by all those into whose charge the care of The Collegian may pass.

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Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be

—Pope.



The Commencement issues of our many exchanges were so delightful that we could not but help mentioning something about them. We found interest in more than one article, and actually enjoyed the recollection of them during the summer. These are the things we especially liked:

The interesting little essay on the "Jongleurs de Dieu" in the ST. JOSEPH'S GLEANER from Hinsdale, Illinois. It gave us a new understanding as to why St. Francis called his followers the Troubadors of God.

The apparent maturity of the Family Number of the ABBEY STUDENT from St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas.

Alex Harvey's amusing article on "The Latest Thing in Mysteries" in the Spring issue of THE DIAL.

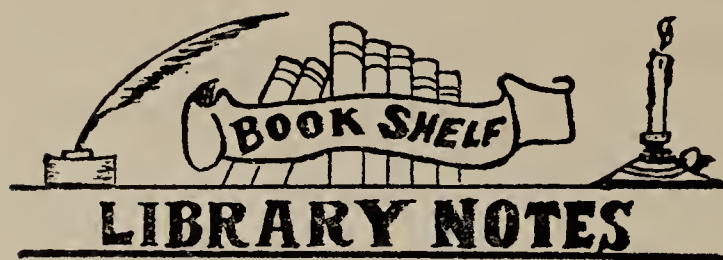
The many and various well-written literary sketches in the AURORA from St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana.

"Me and My Moustache" in the Coffee House column of the LOYOLA QUARTERLY. Also the unusual silhouette cut of a bull-fight in Spain. We would enjoy seeing more samples of such delicate art.

Lawrence C. Pence's scientific essay, "Something Worth Knowing About Cancer" in the GONZAGA QUARTERLY of Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington.

"Intricacies of Chesterton" and the "Cult of the Virgin",—in fact the entire Pall Mall supplement to the NOTRE DAME NEWS from Notre Dame College, South Euclid, Ohio.





There can be no question of the importance of the library in any educational institution. Books are the expression of facts and fancies, of thoughts and ideals that have arisen in minds greater than our own and greater than those of the ordinary man. They are, in the words of Milton, the precious life-blood of master spirits, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. They are a source of pleasure to countless thousands; they become a means of greater knowledge and culture to all who will but use them right. They are teachers in the truest sense of the word, and like all good teachers have much influence in the lives of those whom they instruct.

The poet Fletcher once expressed himself:

—The place that does  
Contain my books, the best companions, is  
To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with old sages and philosophers.

The ordinary student may not yet be prepared to hold deep converse with the sage and philosopher, but if he is a real student he will at least approach for an introduction. He should know, too, that there are many good books of which it may be said that they "are not all wisdom, but yet they are by no means empty of good sense and the possibility of much pleasant truth."

As an adjunct, therefore, to class-room instruction the library is invaluable; as a place of pleasant peace and quiet recreation its importance can not

be overestimated. The Library of St. Joseph's is so arranged that it may best serve the needs and legitimate wishes of the students. It is open during all free hours, and its rules concerning the borrowing of books make possible the greatest usefulness at all times. The thousands of volumes kept in excellent condition and easily accessible offer the students of the High School Department especially far better opportunities for reading and study than are to be found in most schools. The general policy of those in charge is to be as lenient as is consistent with good order and the convenience of all, so as to encourage familiarity with books and habits of good reading among the students.

Naturally, however, certain rules are necessary to insure the desired good order. These regulations are comparatively few (and they are found in all good libraries), but the observance of these few is insisted upon. They are stated here for your information.

### LIBRARY RULES

**BE QUIET!** Get the habit! Silence, or at least quiet, is the first requisite for pleasurable reading and study. Try to walk quietly. As much as possible avoid knocking and sliding of chairs. Talking is absolutely prohibited in the reading-room. When you have something important to say, do so in a low whisper—and make it brief. (This holds good at the service window also.)

**BE NEAT!** Get the habit! Do not throw candy wrappers or any other kind of refuse on the tables, window sills, chairs, or floors. Use the waste basket—or your pockets. Handle books with care—they are not yours. Culpable soiling or injuring of books is subject to fine.

**BE ORDERLY!** Get the habit! There is a



correct place for every book, pamphlet, and paper in the library. After having read any piece of literature you should return it to the correct place. The current magazines, for instance, belong in the rack prepared for them; a plainly printed sign instructs you to place them in alphabetical order. Why not do so always and thus make it easier for the next fellow to find what he wants? To return a magazine to its proper place is really no harder than to leave it lie somewhere on one of the tables—the difference is in the person who has to do the work; if you do not put it back someone else will have to.

The two daily newspapers, "The Chicago Tribune" and "The Catholic Daily Tribune," as also the exchanges, must always be kept on the table assigned to them. You must read them at that particular table. If this rule is not observed scrupulously, the papers will be withdrawn without more ado.

When you get a book for the study hall or reading room and when you return same, be sure to have it properly checked by the librarian. That you may the better become acquainted with books and the better make choice of your reading, you may, with the librarian's permission, enter the stack room (that is, the room where the books are kept). However, loafing in the stack room will not be tolerated. Be careful here as elsewhere to put all books on the shelves in their proper places. Permission to enter the stack room will always be freely granted when there are not already too many there, except in the evening after supper. Although during this brief after-supper period the service window will be open as a special accomodation, the door to the stack room will be locked.

All books may be taken out of the stack room into the reading room (with permission of course).



Back numbers of magazines, bound or unbound, are not to be handled except for purposes of research; while they may, with permission, be taken to the reading room, they are never to be taken to the study hall.

All books except fiction may be taken to the study hall. Three weeks is the time that will henceforth constitute the limit for study-hall use of a book. For your convenience the date on which a book is due back at the library will be stamped by the librarian on the inside back cover of the book when it is given to you. The best policy is to return a book as soon as it has been read even though the time limit has not been reached. Of course a book may be renewed for a second three-week period provided no special call for it has been registered in the meantime.

**BE HONEST!** Get the habit! The books which have been marked and placed on the supplementary reading list may be taken to the study hall by members of the respective class (English class) to which they are assigned. Most of these supplementary books are fiction. Aside from them, no fiction may be taken out of the library. Any student found in the possession of a library book of fiction outside of the library will be fined one dollar for the first offense, with corresponding increase of penalty for a repetition of the act. Naturally this fine will be mentioned on the itemized report sent regularly to parents and guardians.

The students should understand that the above rules are not made in any vindictive spirit, nor will they be enforced in that spirit. It is evident, however, that some regulations are necessary. When, for instance, you keep a book in your desk for days or weeks overtime, probably not reading it at all,

you are keeping it unnecessarily off the shelves and from the use of others. Again, when you take from the library a book of fiction against express orders, you are committing an act which is, in a way, tantamount to stealing. It may be remarked in support of this assertion that many books thus taken out illegitimately are not returned except by chance, being picked up and brought back by someone else who has a better sort of conscience.

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### AUTUMN

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I love to saunter in autumn's twilight  
And gaze at the weird moon;  
I love to hear the drear sighing of winds  
Among the tree tops croon.

I drink in deeply the perfumed fragrance  
That scents the frigid air  
And sways like incense in the dusky stillness—  
That in my soul I share.

I note the pearly and gleaming dewdrops  
Which stab the night's black face;  
They hang like raindrops in shimm'ring array  
After the storm's mad race.

And now as backward thru boyhood's mem'ries  
I turn myself in dreams;  
I think that autumn's rich tinted canvas  
Unchanged appears, it seems.

J. F. Szaniszlo '31



# SOCIETIES

The fall of every year with its formal opening of school, brings renewed interest in the work of the various societies. School societies are not only a tradition, but a real necessity. What would the student do if he had not one or the other club to turn to for entertainment? Oh, the monotony of life, if he were to spend his college days merely in classroom and on campus without the convenience of local societies. Something indeed would be lacking; just to think of all the pleasant memories that are left by several years of club activities is sufficient reason to foster societies. Then there are the hours of staunch comradeship with fellow members, the delightful entertainments, but above all the realization that one's friendship was truly appreciated.

The societies of St. Joseph's are pervaded by just such an atmosphere as this. Their one aim is to give the students the opportunity to become as well acquainted with one another as possible, and to exert all that required influence for which the society was originally instituted by those who realized this necessity.

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## COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Columbian Literary Society of 1929-30 enjoyed remarkable success in all of their major productions on the stage, such as "Take My Advice" and "The Morning After" for instance, were genuine amateur realizations of dramatic ability. With a record like this before them, the Columbians of 1930-31 enter upon another year, in which they



will strive to attain still greater perfection.

Sunday, Sept. 14, the first meeting was called to order by the Rev. Moderator, who appointed Leonard Cross, chairman pro-tem. Mr. Cross selected Thomas Clayton, as his secretary. The order was followed in every detail, centering chiefly, however, in the election of officers. The Rev. Moderator admonished the members to use good judgment in the choice of officials for, as he mentioned, "a society is usually appraised by its leaders." Evidently all present realized the import of his words, for the election was carried out accordingly. If the saying "well begun is half done" holds any truth, the Columbians may rest assured of good success in all their undertakings. As officers they have; Lawrence Grothouse, president; Leonard Cross, vice-president; Joseph Sheeran, secretary; Boniface Dreiling treasurer; Rouleau Joubert, critic; and Bela Szemetko, James Maloney, and Andrew Mathieu, as executive committee. Ralph Bihn, holds the position of marshal by appointment.

On the following Sunday another meeting was held, primarily to secure order in the very important business of the society, namely, the installation of newly elected officers and the admittance of new members. The order of the day was announced and all business was effectively handled. The new officials displayed vigor and enthusiasm in their inaugural remarks; the executive committee, not content with mere speeches expressive of their gratitude for the trust confided in them by the fact of their election, rendered an entertaining song. The first verse, meeting with approval, gave the cue for the rest of the act.

The Rev. Moderator then expressed his sincerest hopes for a successful season in private and public

productions. He welcomed the newcomers into the ranks of the veterans and reminded all present that co-operation was an essential factor in the make-up of any organization. In concluding he added that Clarence Rable and Bela Szemetko are to have the position of stage-managers.

The first public program of the C. L. S. is to be staged on Sunday, October 12. The play selected for presentation is a comedy in one act entitled "The Copy."

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### NEWMAN CLUB

The record set by the Newman Club of last year is indeed a source of satisfaction to all who were connected with the society. The Newmanites of '30-'31 are out to equal this mark and even to improve upon it. With an aim as high as this, they can be sure of adding a memorable year to the roll of their achievements.

The election of officers has been postponed to a later date, so that an announcement of those who are to have charge of the society is, at this time, impossible.

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### DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Mission activity could be postponed no longer, so the retiring chairman, Bela Szemetko, called a meeting which proved to be one of the most enthusiastic gatherings held. On September 20, this meeting was called for the chief purpose of electing new officers. After serious deliberation the following young men were entrusted with the affairs of the Unit for the coming year; president, Joseph Otte; vice-president, Andrew Mathieu; secretary, James Elliott; treasurer, Bernard Hartlage; librarian, John Byrne; the position of marshal is as yet unfilled.



James Maloney, our able saxophonist, and John Spalding, who accompanied him on the piano, furnished a bit of pleasing entertainment with their well-chosen selections.

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### RALEIGH CLUB

On the 14th of September the Rev. Moderator, Father Landoll, called a meeting to organize the Raleigh Club for the ensuing year. Since the matter of governing this club is left entirely to the students, club officers had to be appointed. The following four students were chosen as officers; Joseph Sheeran, Ralph Boker, Leonard Storch, and Walter Steiger.

The enrollment of new members into the ranks of Senior-halers was next in order. A good-natured debate held the floor for some minutes concerning the point as to why certain applicants should not be admitted to the desired membership. The affair was taken quite seriously by some of the young men in question, but it became evident that this was just an old college custom here at St. Joseph's.

The Rev. Moderator now spoke of the rules and regulations of the Raleigh Club. He explained the meaning of the several new standards that had been adopted, and revived hopes in the possible staging of a minstrel for the amusement and benefit of the club. After making a hearty appeal for co-operation on the part of all the members, he brought the meeting to a close.

It may be gratifying to note that the Raleigh club has outgrown its original quarters. Very naturally the proper thing to do under the circumstance was to enlarge the room in some way. The easiest way to surmount this difficulty was to acquire the senior pool room. In consequence it now boasts of two modernly furnished rooms equipped with



every facility for recreation and amusement. The club, furthermore, has installed a tobacco counter for the convenience of its members. A great variety of pipes and tobacco are thus within easy reach of everybody. The profits from the sale of pipes and tobacco, together with the money taken in from the rental of pool tables, will help fill the financial gaps in the club's depleted treasury.

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## ALUMNI NOTES

When empty halls and lonely corridors are once more resounding to the tramp of noisy feet, when the array of familiar faces is again daily passing on every side of us, it is then—with a feeling of utter smallness—that we think of all those other students who, before us, have inhabited these wise old inglesides.

Classes have come and gone; students have arrived on the staid, unflinchingly stable Monon,—mere boys, have studied, learned, progressed—and have passed on as men. With them went that loyalty to their school which stands as a monument for those who have now filled their places. For it is a known fact, that St. Joseph's College, though in reality a comparatively young institution, has developed a reputation for choice memories to the Alumni and to its present students. Before any of its former students had quitted St. Joseph's, every one of them had learned to love, to revere, to venerate the scene and setting of the happiest period of their existence—their college life.

If institutions are to be judged by the products which they send forth as Alumni—an ancient moss-covered rumor has it that such is the case—then St. Joseph's need never fear that it will be lightly considered.

Alumni, we, the present students, salute you. In the forefront of our mind we shall keep always in view your esteemed example. We shall be honest, upright, respectable, and shall do our best to follow the well-marked trail which you have blazed so gloriously.

To the graduates of last year, the latest addition to the ranks of the Alumni, it is our privilege to wish the very best of success. Even though the class has been divided, there are still enough of them together to keep burning that torch of truth which shone so resplendently from the class pennant of the class of '30. From recent reports, it would seem that St. Gregory's Seminary knows a good student when one appears. Practically the entire diocesan contingent of the class of '30 is continuing its studies in this institution. Daniel Nolan, who will be remembered as president of the Columbian Literary Society last year, is gracing the roll-call of St. Meinrad's Seminary. No doubt, we shall hear more of these young men as fortune favors them.

Rumor informs us that several of our Alumni have changed considerably since they were deprived of our insignificant influence, and that they now hold eminent positions of trust. Who, for instance, would have expected that Joe Schill and "Bozo" Hageman could have been trusted to act as Second and Third Prefects respectively? Well, it's true. Here's more gossip. Louis Huffman, remembered more or less

accurately as the "Man with the Beard", has proved his worth as a "bell-ringer" and now occupies that position officially. Who can tell? Maybe some day we shall also become famous.

The latest arrivals at St. Charles Seminary, Ohio, all seem to appreciate the change in atmosphere. According to reports, everyone is busy poring over Latin, or dreaming of St. Joe's. We feel sure that the older classes there will make it their especial duty to cheer up these sorrowing Alumni. What's the matter with the old-timers? They're all right. A little dope from the more antique editions of the Alumni would, I am sure, be truly enlightening. Your communications are as welcome as the flowers in May—even more welcomed.

Maybe it is astonishing progress in education, or maybe it is remarkable talent that has made it advisable to send the Reverends Frederick Fehrenbacher, C. PP. S., '22, and Edward Roof, C. PP. S., '23, two of the local professors at the College, to the Catholic University at Washington.

Word has been received that Reverend Leo Scheetz, '15, is also at the Catholic University. We sincerely hope that all the Alumni, who are pursuing studies at various universities will find their present school days no more difficult or less enjoyable than they found them to be at St. Joseph's.

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The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sear.

—Bryant.





Welcome! Welcome to St. Joseph's! Indeed it is good for us to be here. It is good to see and hear the St. Joe metropolis again teeming with life! The campus, the gym, the clubrooms and groves,—every spot at St. Joseph's—resounds with the happy voices of old and new students.

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The thirty-ninth scholastic year opened on Thursday, September 11, with a solemn High Mass celebrated by Rev. Edward Werling of Hartford City, Ind., assisted by Rev. Bernard Scharf, C. PP. S., and Rev. Walter Pax, C. PP. S., deacon and subdeacon respectively. Rev. Gilbert Esser, C. PP. S., acted as master of ceremonies. With an enrollment of three hundred and twenty-nine students, all previous records in this regard have been broken. Never before have the walls of St. Joseph's embraced so large a number of students.

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Our Very Rev. Rector, Father Kenkel, celebrated the conventual High Mass on the first Sunday of the school year. After welcoming the students, he pointed out to them that a daily and constant pursuit of sanctity and knowledge, together with a fervent devotion to the Holy Eucharist, Our Blessed Lady, and the Holy Spirit would assure them of success during the ensuing year.

On this same Sunday, the Senior Class of '31 performed its first act of brotherly love for the students, when in a body they marched to consult

with the Very Rev. Rector concerning the first free day of the year. Father Kenkel readily gave his consent. (Of course, a free day on the first Monday of school is an old, old custom at St. Joseph's; but this year the Seniors chanced to hear that the "old, old custom" might be disregarded. For this reason, the Seniors firmly believe that this successful request for a free day, was their first act of brotherly love toward the student body.)

As a harbinger of the free day, an entertainment was given by Mr. Edward Brigham of Steinway Hall, New York City, the famous basso-profundo, dramatic reader and pianist, on Sunday night, September 14, in the college auditorium. Mr. Brigham's program, varied and interesting, called for a large range of technique and versatility of expression. His presentation of Schubert's "The Erl King" was perhaps the number in which Mr. Brigham best displayed his ability to combine his three wonderful talents.

Monday, September 15, was the first free day of the year. An "off-day" at this time is probably the best cure for nostalgia. Scouting about in the country, trotting on the highway to get into football condition and playing cowboys (only the Freshmen did this) were some of the pastimes for the first half of the day. During the second half, everyone made good use of the general permission to visit the city. Some did their shopping, but the majority of the crowd directed their steps to the Palace Theatre. Here Rouleau Joubert, in the name of the Senior Class, asked the students to help uphold the good name of the college by acting as gentlemen in town. Dampened spirits disappeared, however, and joy was the predominant note as the feature, "Let Us Be Gay," began.



Weather Report at Collegeville and vicinity for the First Free Day: "Though the clouds hung low, we laughed at woe as we went ro' rollin' along."

---

Rev. Frederick Fehrenbacher, C. PP. S., and Rev. Edward Roof, C. PP. S., former professors, now continuing studies at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., have been replaced on the Faculty by Rev. Walter Pax, C. PP. S., and Rev. Gilbert Esser, C. PP. S. The Rev. Bernard Scharf, C. PP. S., was also added to the Faculty as assistant prefect of discipline.

---

The Collegian Staff joins with the students, in extending to Very Rev. Omlor C. PP. S., former professor at St. Joseph's College, heartiest congratulations upon his promotion as rector of St. Mary's Preparatory Seminary at Burkettsville, Ohio. Rev. Rufus Esser, C. PP. S., has been appointed principal of the local high school department. Congratulations and Success! The Staff also congratulates Brother Davis, who after having received his cassock on August 15 at Carthagen, Ohio, was appointed disciplinarian of the Lower Study Hall.

---

Father Lucks, C. PP. S., succeeded Very Rev. Omlor as director of the choir. The Staff and students extend congratulations to the new choir director, together with best wishes for success in the fulfillment of these additional duties entrusted to his care.

---

New and more ideal conditions for study have



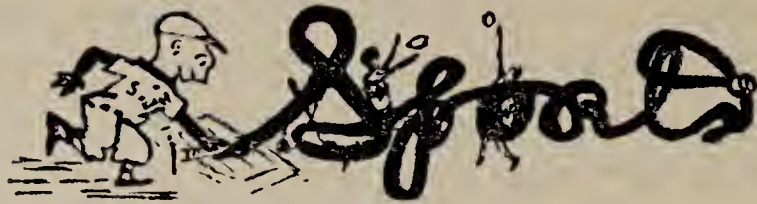
been provided for the students in the classrooms. All the walls have been rejuvenated with new coatings of paint; the bruises and cuts on the desks and other classroom fixtures have been healed with varnish. Now, without doubt, the Muses of Greek, Latin, etc., flutter about in the classrooms in a more graceful and unobstructed manner. For a while, there will be no inscriptions or secret codes, which had been engraved on the desks, to turn the student's attention from the topic under discussion. We have good reasons to hope that the remodeling of the classrooms will repay itself a hundredfold. Watch the grades improve!!

---

An object of curiosity to new students and visitors is the sundial erected by the Class of '30. The faithful dial not only records the time (Sun Time, not Collegeville Time), but also serves as a reminder of old friends who have departed. So long, pals, and good luck! Don't forget your class motto inscribed on the dial: "Ad Astra Per Aspera."

---

Recent visitors at the college were: The Rev. Thomas Conroy, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. Edward Werling, Hartford City, Ind.; Rev. Anthony Badina, and Rev. Otto Keller, Mishawaka, Ind.; Dr. Klein, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Carl Schnitz, Gary, Ind.; Rev. Ambrose Kohne, Hammond, Ind.; Rev. Arthur Decker, Detroit, Mich.; The Rev. L. Plumanns and Rev. Paul Brissel, Lima, Ohio; Rev. Fred Rothermel, Kentland, Ind.; Rev. Leo Faurote, Avilla, Ind.; The Rev. C. Daniels, C. PP. S., Sedalia, Mo.; The Rev. Fred Fehrenbacher, C. PP. S.



### A SURVEY OF LOCAL GRID PROSPECTS

As that jolly old fellow called Football, once more is about to be crowned king of sports, it would seem that we are listening to some three hundred youths of St. Joe, shouting: "Give us football or give us Greek." The latter word is a local expression for death. Coupled unto the reechoes of their shouts, it would seem that we are beholding footballs flying with snap across the blue skies; coaches loading down the unfortunate beginners with much practice; and the mud-covered heroes of the gridiron fighting to retain their prestige.

Now when that newly crowned king comes to St. Joe in an attempt to ascend the throne of sports, he will learn that five hefty squads of the senior league and as many of the junior league, will be ready to lend him a helping hand to enthrone him as their Tzar of sports. For faster than it would take to write it, each class has elected its manager. Having been elected, each manager together with his teammates, being urged by the tugging, teasing, tantalizing attraction of the football pennant, is now working to get into top-notched shape. Even a glance at those who are just beginning their struggle with the first principles of Latin prompts us to state that they too look like promising football material for the junior league. That is, if we can judge from the way they part their hair and wear their caps.

To take a retrospective glance at the work of the teams on the football field last year is to realize that to pick this year's pennant winner would be as



hard as working out an analytic's problem, which had been tied into a knot, broken in the middle and then smeared with some of St. Joe's apple butter. In other words, pre-seasonal dope, concerning who is going to win the pennant is not being handed out by authorities of the game. Yet, without casting any shadows of forgetfulness on the good work of the high school teams on the football field last year, we feel safe in stating that the answer to our unsolved problem rests with one of the college rather than one of the high school teams. And why not, since we have in the college department the undefeated Fifths of last year, or as they hope to be called at the end of the season, "winners of the football pennant?" But, oh, of course the present Fifths will have their bit to say about this also. For a game between the Sixths and Fifths last year ended in a scoreless tie, and thus caused one of the biggest deadlocks ever known in St. Joe's football history—or we don't know this history. And that it will be one of the better games of the season when these two teams meet on the gridiron again this year, may be inferred from the fact that both the Sixths and the Fifths have one victory against each other to their credit; and that both teams, suffering no big loss of old material, have an addition of new material with which they hope to do big things. Stephen Tatar, by the way, is the manager of the Sixths' team, whereas the Fifths placed the manager's burden on Carl Strasser.

Now a football schedule, when it suffers the absence of surprises and thrills becomes as uninteresting and dead as the reading matter of the old Egyptian Book of the Dead. Though we are not afraid that such a thing will happen to the football schedule of St. Joe's, yet in supplying these thrills and



surprises we look for the High School Elevens to outshine the College by far, and well we may. For in making this statement we have in mind especially the present Fourths, who, though lacking in experience and suffering by comparison in weight with their upper classmates, have given the fans many demonstrations of real football last year. Led by Riedlinger and Follmar, such diminutive lads as Mike Vichuras, Ben Bubala, Fritz Krieter and Boarman, have made names for themselves that would cause some of the professionals to look rather envious. If the dope bucket can be upset, these boys will upset it, despite the loss of such luminaries as Biggins, Joe Maloney and others, whom Coach Kienly hopes to replace with the new men that he has received.

The Third year team has material that prompts us to expect thrills from the high school side. It has always entered into the game with the spirit of win or know the reason why. Being, however, the smallest team in the senior league it has only too often learned the reason why. Bud De Mars, full-back and vicious defence man of the Thirds, having been elected this year's manager, takes up the burden of the responsibility for the success of the team. Suffering the loss of some of last year's braves, especially quarterback, Kirschner, and adding on new material, Bud willingly assumes his responsibility. Though a big improvement over last year's team is expected, the Thirds' chances of winning the pennant are, we think, above their reach. But give us a surprise, Thirds, we are for you also.

To develop a football team that will be able to cope with such teams as the Thirds, Fourths, Fifths, and Sixths from a group of fellows who are still within the shadow of their "eenie, meenie, minie, mo" days will be one of the undertakings of Red Lammers

and Coach Matthieu. For Red Lammers, who as a freshman contributed his share to the success of last year's Seconds was elected manager of this year's Seconds. Andrew Matthieu, however, the star coach, without a "prima donna" temperament, of last year's Seconds, with a year's experience at coaching to his advantage will be ready to repeat and even add more to the success of this year's Seconds. Though the team is handicapped by the lack of weight and experience, yet with Coach Matthieu as its guide, we have much reason to believe that it will cause its neighbors plenty of trouble.

The following is the complete Senior League football schedule for the season of 1930: Sixths vs Thirds; Fourth vs Seconds; Fifth vs Thirds; Sixth vs Seconds; Fifth vs Fourth; Third vs Seconds; Fourth vs Sixth; Fifth vs Seconds; Third vs Fourth; Fifth vs Sixth.

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## Humor *by* *Cephalopod*



Indignant Wife (to incoming husband): What does the clock say?

Semi-Plastered Husband: It shays "tick-tock," and the doggies shay "bow-wow," and the cows shay "moo-moo," and the little pussy-cats shay "meow-meow." Now ya shatisfied?

---

"Is this train ever on time?" growled the grouchy passenger.

"Oh," replied the porter, "we never worry about it being on time. We're satisfied if it's on the track."

"What! A little runt like you an animal trainer?"

"My small size is the secret of my success. The lions are waiting for me to grow a little larger."

---

The minister called at the Jones home one Sunday afternoon, and little Willie answered the bell. "Pa ain't home," he announced. "He went over to the Golf club." The minister's brow darkened, and Willie hastened to explain: "Oh, he ain't gonna play golf. Not on Sunday. He just went over for a few drinks and a game of poker."

---

Abie: Is it true that wine is made from dandelions?

Jazz: From all I gather.

---

An oyster met an oyster, and they were oysters two;  
Two oysters met two oysters, and they were oysters  
too;

Four oysters met a pint of milk, and they were  
oyster stew.

---

Cheer Leader: All right now, let's have a siren for the team.

Somebody on the sidelines: Hey! make it a blonde, will you?

---

First Bum: Let's get something to eat.

Second bum: I'm not hungry.

First: Well, I'm broke too.

---

There was a young fellow named Perkins  
Who had a great fondness for gherkins.

He went to a tea

And ate twenty-three

Which pickled his internal workin's.



Blommer: My intellect is my fortune.

Wirtz: Oh! well, poverty isn't a crime.

---

Singer: That last high note was D flat.

Jealous Rival: That's what I thought, but I didn't like to say so.

---

"The racket was too much for me," said the tennis ball as it hit the net on the rebound.

---

The Bore: I'm rather good at imitations. I could imitate any bird you can name.

She: Really? Can you imitate a homing pigeon?

---

Wife: I suppose you've been seeing another of your sick friends——holding his hand, I suppose.

Hubby: No, I didn't, but if I hadda I'd won the game.

---

"You wanta da haircut?" asked the Italian barber, "Ten I calla my brother Petro."

"Is he better at haircutting than you," asked the cutsomer.

"Petro mucha better. He tella da wonderful ghost story an' no loosa da time hodin' it up wid da comba."

---

Sanger (in Wright's): Do you serve fish here.

Waitress: Certainly, we cater to everyone.

---

Stude: I say, Prof, I need a little light on this subject.

Prof: Might I suggest a little reflection?

---

We were just wondering if a fellow who was crazy about electricity could be called an electric fan?

Stranger: Can you tell me how to get to the hospital here?

Minion of the law: Wal-l, a feller shot hisself last week, an' they tuck him thar.

---

Stranger: Could you tell me the time?

Yokel: Half-past.

Stranger: Half-past what?

Yokel: Dunno. My watch has lost its hour hand.

---

We are glad to hear that the absent-minded professor is dead at last. He came home jolly the other night, and, mistaking himself for his pants, hung himself on the bedpost.

---

Tramp: I've asked for money, I've begged for money and I've cried for money, lady.

Lady: Have you ever thought of working for it, my man?

Tramp: No, not yet, mum. You see I'm going through the alphabet and I ain't got to W yet.

---

A woman arriving in this country after a short visit to the continent was asked the usual question by the customs official at the landing port—"Anything to declare, madam?"

'No,' she replied, sweetly, "nothing."

"Then, madam," said the official, "am I to take it that the fur tail I see hanging down under your coat is your own?"

---

A goat ate all our other jokes

And then began to run.

"I cannot stop" he softly said

"I am so full of fun."

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**"BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE"**

---

October 19-20-21

Jack Holt, Ralph Graves in

**"HELL'S ISLAND"**

---

October 22-23-24

Nancy Carroll, Buddy Rogers in

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---

October 26-27-28

Jack Oakie, Jeannette MacDonald in

**"LET'S GO NATIVE"**

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Nov. 5-6-7

Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows in

**"ANYBODY'S WAR"**

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